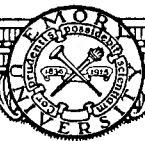


THE ARMY SONGSTER.

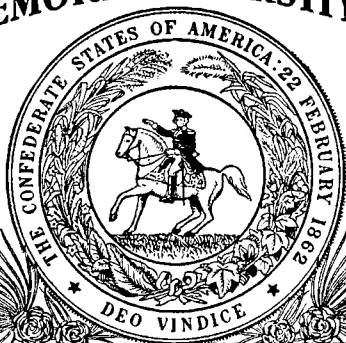
DEDICATED TO THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.



PUBLISHED BY
GEO. L. BIDGOOD,
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Macfarlane & Fergusson, Printers.

THE ARMY SONGSTER.

LIBERTY.

SONG AND CHORUS—*Air from Puritani.*

*Composed by Capt. Sutherland, of Lynchburg, Va., of the
11th Va. Regiment, after the first battle of Manassas.*

Awake! arise my warriors,
Liberty, your mother calls to you,
Tyranny comes with accursed chains,
Grasp firm each vengeful weapon true.
There's truth in the flash of your naked steel,
Now when the Tyrant plants his heel
Upon your sacred mother's breast,
And robs her sons of rest.

CHORUS.

Awake! arise my warriors,
And 'midst the battle's fiery breath,
Shout your war-cry as you strike,
Liberty! Liberty or Death.

On glorious Manassas' sunlit plain,
Down came the Tyrant with a boast—
Down came he to the feast of Death,
Where now is all his mighty host?
Go count the skulls upon the ground
Where hungry ravens pick their food,
And the parched earth did drink that day,
And quench her thirst with blood.

CHORUS—Awake! &c.

On my warriors! on my braves!
 Beyond Potomac's waters blue;
 Spare not one accursed foe
 Although he crouch and pray to you.
 On ye Southrons to the charge,
 Now when Mars—the blood red star—
 Her crimsoned banner o'er you waves,
 And shakes the world with war.

CHORUS— To the charge, to the charge.
 My warriors, &c.

CALL ME NOT BACK FROM THE ECHOLESS SHORE.

Reply to Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.

Why is your forehead deep furrowed with care?
 What has so soon mingled frost in your hair?
 Why are you sorrowful, why do you weep?
 Why do you ask me Rock you to Sleep?
 Could you but see thro' this world's vale of tears,
 Light would your sorrows be, harmless your fears;
 All that seems darkness to you would be light;
 All would be sunshine where now is but night.

CHORUS.

Follow me cheerfully; pray do not weep;
 In spirit I'll soothe you, and Rock you to Sleep.

Why would you backward with time again turn?
 Why do you still for your childhood's days yearn?
 Weary one, why thro' the past again roam?
 While in the future the path leads you home!
 Oh, dearest child, dry those tears; weep no more;
 Call me not back from the "Echoless Shore."
 "Follow me cheerfully; pray do not weep;
 In spirit I'll soothe you and Rock you to Sleep."

CHORUS—Follow me cheerfully, &c.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
 'Twould be an assurance most dear,
 To know that this moment some loved one,
 Were saying I wish he were here;
 To feel that the group at the fireside,
 Were thinking of me as I roam,
 Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
 To know that they missed me at home.
 To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season
 That ever is sacred to song,
 Does some one repeat my name over,
 And sigh that I tarry so long?
 And is there a chord in the music
 That's missed when my voice is away,
 And a chord in each heart that awaketh,
 Regret at my wearisome stay.

Do they set me a chair at the table
 When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
 When the candles are lit in the parlour,
 And the stars in the calm azure sky?
 And when the "Good Nights" are repeated,
 And all lay them down to their sleep,
 Do they think of the absent, and waft me
 A whispered "good night" while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
 At morning, at noon, or at night?
 And lingers one gloomy shade round them
 That only my presence can light?
 Are joys less invitingly welcome,
 And pleasures less hale than before,
 Because one is missed from the circle.
 Because I am with them no more!

THOSE PLEASANT DAYS ARE GONE.

Ah! those pleasant days are gone,
That I used to share with you,
And I wander now alone,
Where the wayside flowrets grew;
As I sit beneath the trees,
That oft yielded us a shade,
When the summer's gentle breeze,
Thro' the trembling leaflets play'd;
While I view each well-known scene,
That I treasure for your sake,
And remember what has been,
Ah! my heart's well nigh to break;
Yes, I look around in vain,
For the smile that once I knew,
I shall never know again,
The pleasant days I shar'd with you.
The pleasant days I shar'd with you.

Oh! when sorrow wrings my breast,
And in solitude I weep,
And nor calm nor peaceful rest,
Soothes me thro' the hour of sleep;
Of the past I fondly dream,
When we wandered side by side,
And down life's unclouded stream
Hand in hand we seemed to glide;
In the loneliness of night,
Your glad voice I sigh to hear,
That, in tones of soft delight,
Fell like music on mine ear;
Ah! I look around, in vain,
For the smile that once I knew;
I shall never know again
The pleasant days I shar'd with you.
The pleasant days I shar'd with you.

TWINKLING STARS ARE LAUGHING, LOVE.

Twinkling stars are laughing love,
Laughing on you and me ;
While your bright eyes look in mine,
Peeping stars they seem to be.
Troubles come and go, love,
Brightest scenes must leave our sight ;
But the star of hope, love,
Shines with radiant beams to-night.

CHORUS.

Twinkling stars are laughing love,
Laughing on you and me ;
While your bright eyes look in mine,
Peeping stars they seem to be.

Golden beams are shining, love,
Shining on you to bless ;
Like the queen of night you fill
Darkness space with loveliness.
Silver stars how bright, love,
Mother moon in thronely might,
Gaze on us to bless love,
Purest vows here made to-night.

CHORUS—Twinkling stars, &c.

LULA IS GONE.

With a heart forsaken I wander
In silence, in grief and alone,
On a form departed I ponder,
For Lu-la, sweet Lu-la is gone,
Gone where the roses have faded,
Gone where the meadows are bare,
To a land by orange blossoms shaded,
Where summer ever lingers on the air.

ARMY SONGSTER.

CHORUS.

Lu-la, Lu-la, Lu-la is gone ;
With summer birds her bright smiles
To sunny lands have flown,
When day breaketh gladly,
My heart waketh sadly,
For Lu-la, Lu-la is gone.

Not a voice awakens the mountains,
No gladness returns with the dawn,
Not a smile is mirrored in the fountains,
For Lu-la, sweet Lu-la is gone.
Day is bereft of its pleasures,
Night of its beautiful dreams,
While the dirge of well remembered measures
Is murmured by the ripple on the streams.

CHORUS—Lu-la, Lu-la, Lu-la is gone, &c.

When I view the chill blighted bowers,
And roam o'er the snow-covered plain,
How I long for spring's budding flowers,
To welcome her sweet smiles again.
Why does the earth seem forsaken ?
Time will this sadness remove ;
At her voice the meadows will awaken
To verdure sweet melody and love.

CHORUS—Lu-la, Lu-la, Lu-la is gone, &c.

BEN BOLT.

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hair so brown ;
She wept with delight when you gave her a sm
And trembled with fear at your frown.
In the old church yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Oh, don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
 Near the green sunny slope of the hill!
 Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading
 shade,
 And kept time to the click of the mill;—
 The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
 And a quiet now reigns all around,
 See the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,
 Lies scattered and fallen to the ground,
 See the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,
 Lies scattered and fallen to the ground.

Oh, don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
 And the master so kind and so true;
 And the little nook by the clear running brook
 Where we gathered the flowers as they grew.
 On the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,
 And the running little brook is now dry;
 And of all the friends who were school-mates then,
 There remains Ben—but you and I.
 And of all the friends who were school-mates then,
 There remains Ben—but you and I.

ANNIE OF THE VALE.

The young stars are glowing,
 Their clear light bestowing!
 Their radiance fills the calm, clear summer night;
 Come forth, like a fairy,
 So blithsome and airy,
 And ramble in their soft and mystic light.

CHORUS.

Come, come, come, love, come!
 Come, ere the night torches pale;
 Oh come, in thy beauty,
 Thou marvel of duty.
 Dear Annie, dear Annie of the Vale.

The world we inherit,
 Is charmed by thy spirit,

As radiant as the mild, warm summer ray!
The watch-dog is snarling,
For fear, Annie, darling,
His beautiful young friend I'd steal away!

CHORUS—Come, &c.

NO ONE TO LOVE.

No one to love, none to caress,
Roaming alone through this world's wilderness,
Sad is my heart, joy is unknown;
For in my sorrow I'm weeping alone.
No gentle voice, no tender smile,
Makes me rejoice, or cares beguile.

No one to love, none to caress,
Roaming alone through this world's wilderness,
Sad is my heart, joy is unknown;
For in my sorrow I'm weeping alone.

In dreams alone loved ones I see,
And well known voices then whisper to me;
Sighing, I wake; waking, I weep;
Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep,
Oh! blissful rest, what heart would stay,
Unloved, unblessed, from heaven away?

No one to love, none to caress, &c.

No one to love, none to caress,
None to respond to this heart's tenderness;
Trusting, I wait God in his love—
Promises rest in his mansions above.
Oh! bliss in store, oh! joy mine own,
There never more to weep alone.

No one to love, none to caress, &c.

I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE
HALLS.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs by my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls,
That thou wert the hope and the pride.
I had riches too great to count, could boast
Of a high ancestral name;
But I also dreamt, which charmed me most,
That you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suiters sought my hand,
That knights upon bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
They pledg'd their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host,
Came forth my hand to claim,
But I also dreamt, which charmed me most,
That you loved me still the same.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

The bonnie, bonnie bavin, who sits poking in the ase,
Glowering in the fire wi' his wee round face,
Laughing at the fuf-fire lowe. What sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer's biggin castles in the air.
His wee chubby face, and his towzie curlie pow,
Are laughing and nodding to the dancing lowe.
He'll brown his rosy cheeks and singe his sunny hair,
Glowering at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the moon!
He sees little sodgers pu'ing them a' doun!
Worlds whombing up and down, bleezing wi' a flare,
See how he loups! as they glimmer in the air;
For a sae sage he looks—what can the laddie ken?
He's thinking upon nae thing like mony mighty men.

A wee thing makes us think, a sone thing makes us
 stare,
 There are mair folk than him biggin castles in the air.

Sie a night in winter may weel make him cauld:
 His chin upon his buffy hand will soon make him auld;
 His brow is brent so braid; O! pray that daddy Care
 Would let the wee-an a lane, wi' his castles in the air!
 He'll glower at the fire, and he'll keek at the light!
 But mony sparkling stars are swallowed by night;
 Alder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,
 Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd wi' castles in the
 air.

JUANITA.*

Soft o'er the fountain
 Ling ring falls the southern moon;
 Far o'er the mountain
 Breaks the day too soon!
 In thy dark eyes' splendor,
 Where the warm light loves to dwell,
 Weary locks, yet tender,
 Speak their fond farewell.
 Nita! Juanita! ask thy soul if we shall part?
 Nita! Juanita! lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming,
 Moons like these shall shine again,
 And daylight beaming,
 Prove thy dreams are vain,
 Wilt thou not relenting,
 For thine absent lover sigh;
 In thy heart consenting
 To a prayer gone by?
 Nita! Juanita! let me linger by thy side!
 Nita! Juanita! be my own fair bride.

* Pronounced Wah-ne-ta.

HARK! I HEAR AN ANGEL SING.

Hark! I hear an angel sing—
Angels now are on the wing;
And their voices, singing clear,
Tell us that spring is near.
Dost thou hear them, gentle one?
Dost thou see the glorious sun
Rising higher in the sky,
As each day, as each day, it passes by?

CHORUS.

Hark! I hear an angel sing—
Angels now are on the wing;
And their voices singing clear,
Tell us that the spring is near.

Just beyond yon cliff of snow,
Silver rivers brightly flow;
Smiling woods and fields are seen,
Mantled in a robe of green.
Birds and bees, and brooks and flowers,
Tell us of the vernal hours.
There the birds are weaving lays
For the happy spring-time days.

CHORUS—Hark! I hear an angel sing, &c.

Look! oh, look! the Southern sky
Mirrors flowers of every dye;
Children, tripping o'er the plain;
Spring is coming back again—
Spring is coming!—Shouts of glee!
Sing birds, on bush and tree;
And the bees, their merry hums;
For the spring-time comes, it comes, it comes!

CHORUS—Hark! I hear an angel sing, &c.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking,
 The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
 The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,

Kathleen Mavourneen, what! slumbering still?
 Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
 Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
 It may be for years, and it may be forever;
 Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
 Kathleen Mavourneen, oh! wake from thy slumber,
 The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
 Oh! where is the spell that once hung on thy numbers?

Arise in thy beauty, thou star of the night.

Kathleen, etc.

BOYS, KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY.

Can'st tell who lose the battle,
 Oft in the councils, field?
 Not they who struggle bravely—
 Not they who never yield;
 Not they who are determined
 To conquer or to die;
 And harken to this caution;
 "Boys, keep your powder dry!"

CHORUS.

Not they who are determined
 To conquer or to die;
 And harken to this caution;
 "Boys, keep your powder dry!"

The foe awaits you yonder,
 He may await you here;
 Have true hearts—stand with courage—
 Be strangers, all, to fear;

And when the charge is given,
Be ready at the cry :
Look well each to his priming—
“Boys, keep your powder dry !”

Does a lov'd one home await you,
Who wept to see you go ;
Whom, with a kiss imprinted,
You left with sacred vow
You'd come again, when warfare
And arms are all laid by,
To take her to your bosom ?
“Boys, keep your powder dry !”

Does a father home await you
A sister whom you love ?
A mother who has reared you,
And prayed to him above ;
“Protect my boy, preserve him,
And when the battle's done,
Send to his weeping mother,
Bereft, her darling son ?”

The name of Freedom calls you,
The names of martyr'd sires,
And Liberty's imploring
From all her hallowed fires.
Can you withstand their calling ?
You cannot pass them by—
You cannot! Now, charge fiercely!
“Boys, keep your powder dry !”

KEEP ME AWAKE, MOTHER!

Forward, oh, forward ! time stays not his flight,
I'm older and wiser and sadder to-night ;
Mother, dear mother, I see thee no more,
But watch me, oh ! watch me again as of yore.
Let me not slumber, but gaze on life's cares
With the look of defiance a warrior wears.

Once more to thy bosom a weary one take,
Keep me awake, mother, keep me awake.

I'm tired of earth, and I'm tired of life—
Its unfulfilled hopes—its profitless strife:
Still must I onward, my destiny calls,
Though trouble betides, or danger appals,
My life-path is covered with gloom and decay,
But let me not falter, or sleep by the way,
Of glory and honor, a name let me make,
Keep me awake, mother, keep me awake.

Give me stern power of frame and of soul,
To meet the troubles that over me roll,
Let me not murmur, though working I be,
For those whom I see not, never may see;
Let me plant trees, tho' they flourish and bloom
When I am away in a far off tomb,
For those who are coming, care let me take,
Keep me awake, mother, keep me awake.

Dreams of my childhood have faded or flown,
Objects I cherished, repulsive have grown;
All things seem fleeting, no pleasure endures,
But mother, dear mother, the same lot was yours;
Such dreaming, such mourning, hoping and trust,
Such crumbling of air-built castles to dust,
Bravely as thou didst, my part let me take,
Keep me awake, mother, keep me awake.

Awake to my duties, awake to my trust,
Let me do my task bravely, if toil I must:
But sometimes, oh! sometimes in dreams let me be
The child again, mother, who slept on your knee:
Wipe out for a moment my story of life,
Its struggles, its sorrows, follies and strife;
Some season of pleasure, of rest, let me take,
Then wake me, my mother, oh! keep me awake.

And, mother, dear mother, when life's nearly o'er,
And God calls me home to the "echoless shore;"

My tasks are all done, and my busy brain still,
And I have no longer a power or will—
Oh! then, blessed spirit, oh! then hover near,
And smooth from my brow the dark shadows of fear;
Then linger near, mother, to watch and to weep;
Then “rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.”

THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

Hark! to the shrill trumpet calling;
It pierceth the soft summer air!
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there!
The bayonets earthward are turning,
And the drum's muffled breath rolls around;
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sound;
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sound.

Sleep, soldier! though many regret thee,
Who stand by the cold bier to-day,
Soon, soon shall the kindness forget thee,
And thy name from earth pass away.
The man thou didst love as a brother,
A friend in thy place will have gained;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be rein'd;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be rein'd.

But tho' hearts that now mourn for thee sadly,
Soon joyous as ever shall be,
Tho' thy bright orphan boy may laugh gladly,
As he sits on some comrade's kind knee,
There is one who shall still pay the duty
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first, in the bloom of her beauty,
She wept o'er the soldier's grave;
As when first, in the bloom of her beauty,
She wept o'er the soldier's grave.

KISS ME BEFORE I DIE, MOTHER!

Kiss me before I die, Mother—oh! press thy lips to
mine,
And twine thy loved arms round me, ere life's bright
day decline.
I feel death's shadows thicken—see, see them on my
brow,
Kiss me before I die, Mother, oh! kiss thy darling
now!
Kiss me before I die, Mother, oh! kiss thy darling
now!

Kiss me before I die, Mother!—stoop low, that I may
bless
The hand that trained my footsteps with so much ten-
derness.
Around our hearthside, Mother, will stand an empty
chair;
There is one beyond the stars, Mother—I go to claim
it there!
There is one beyond the stars, Mother—I go to claim
it there!

Kiss me before I die, Mother!—I would have lived to
see
Our fair land free, my mother, from this base tyranny.
But hark! Death's angel cometh! Dear Mother, do
not sigh,
But meet thy boy in Heaven; Mother, oh! kiss me be-
fore I die!
But meet thy boy in Heaven; Mother, oh! kiss me
before I die!

IT IS BETTER TO LAUGH.

It is better to laugh than be sighing,
When we think how life's moments are flying;
For each sorrow fate ever is bringing,
There's a pleasure in store for us springing,

Through our joys, like the waves in the sunshine,
Gleam a while, then be lost to the sight ;

Yet for each sparkling ray

That so passes away,

Comes another as brilliant and light.

Then 'tis better to laugh than be sighing ;

They are wise who resolve to be gay ;

When we think how life's moments are flying,

O, enjoy pleasure's gifts while we may.

MOTHER, OH ! SING ME TO REST.

Mother, oh ! sing me to rest,

As in my bright days departed,

Sing to thy child, the sick hearted :

Songs for a spirit oppressed,

Lay this tired head on thy breast !

Flowers from the night-dew are closing,

Pilgrims and mourners reposing.

Mother, oh ! sing me to rest !

Take back thy bird to its nest !

Weary is young life when blighted,

Heavy this love unrequited !

Mother, oh ! sing me to rest !

Weary is young life when blighted,

Heavy this love unrequited.

Mother ! oh sing me to rest !

Mother ! oh sing me to rest !

Whispers from heaven I hear,

Angels in chorous are chanting ;

Soon will be ended this panting,

Rest, for my heart is now near.

Closer and closer they come,

Open their arms to receive me ;

Mother farewell ! I must leave thee ;

Mother, I'll go to my home.

Death with his sickle stands nigh,

Life's curtain soon will be falling ;

Listen ! the angels are calling ;

Mother, dear mother, good bye.

Weary is young life when blighted,
Heavy this love unrequited :
Mother, oh! sing me to rest!
Mother, oh! sing me to rest!

DEAR MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO DIE.

Dear mother, I remember well
The parting kiss you gave to me,
When merry rang the village bell—
My heart was full of joy and glee:
I did not dream that one short year
Would crush the hopes that soared so high ;
Oh mother, dear, draw near to me ;
Dear mother, I've come home to die.
Call sister—brother to my side,
And take your soldier's last good bye,
Oh mother, dear, draw near to me ;
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Hark! mother, 'tis the village bell,
I can no longer with thee stay ;
My country calls to arms! to arms!
The foe advance in fierce array!
The vision's past—I feel that now
For country I can only sigh :
Oh mother dear, draw near to me :
Dear mother, I've come home to die.
Call sister, &c.

Dear mother, sister, brother, all,
One parting kiss—to all good bye ;
Weep not, but clasp your hand in mine,
And let me like a soldier die!
I've met the foe upon the field,
Where hosts contending scorned to fly ;
I fought for right—God bless you all—
Dear mother, I've come home to die.
Call sis.er, &c.

THE SEPARATION.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

With all my soul then let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free,
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me,
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing,
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring—
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

Farewell, and when some future lover
Shall claim the heart which I resign,
And in exulting joy discover
All the charms that once were mine,
And in exulting joy discover
All the charms that once were mine.

I think I should be sweetly blest,
If in a fond, imperfect sigh,
You'd say, while to his bosom prest,
He loves not half so well as I,
You'd say, while to his bosom prest,
He loves not half so well as I.

OH! WHISPER WHAT THOU FEELEST.

(In the Crown of Jewels.)

Oh! whisper what thou feelest
That no unhallowed ear,
May listen to the music
Of words to me so dear!

But if their tones should falter
 And on thy lip should die,
 Oh ! let their honied sweetness
 Be gathered from thy sigh.
 (Repeat the four first lines.)

The bashful bird of even
 That shuns the plumed throng,
 Pours forth her plaintive magic
 When none can hear her song ;
 And so do thou but whisper
 The sounds that I would hear,
 When their enchanting softness
 Can reach none other ear.
 Oh ! whisper what thou feelest, &c.

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many
 tears,
 While we all sup sorrow with the poor :
 There's a song that will linger forever in our ears ;
 Oh ! hard times come again no more.

CHORUS—'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary ;
 Hard times, hard times, come again no more ;
 Many days you have lingered around my
 cabin door ;
 Oh ! hard times, come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music, light and
 gay
 There are frail forms fainting at the door :
 Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will
 say—
 Oh ! hard times, come again no more.

CHORUS—'Tis the song, &c.

There's a pale drooping maiden, who toils her life
away,

With a worn heart, whose better days are o'er:
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the
day—

Oh! hard times come again no more.

CHORUS—'Tis the song, &c.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,

'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,

'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave

Oh! hard times, come again no more.

CHORUS—'Tis the song, &c.

ELLEN BAYNE.

Soft be thy slumbers,

Rude cares depart,

Visions on numbers

Cheer thy young heart.

Dream on while bright hours

And fond hopes remain,

Blooming like smiling bowers

For thee, Ellen Bayne.

CHORUS—Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide,

Dreams of beauty round thee bide,

While I linger by thy side,

Sweet Ellen Bayne.

Dream not in anguish,

Dream not in fear;

Love shall not languish;

Fond ones are near.

Sleeping or waking,

In pleasure or pain,

Warm hearts will beat for thee,

Sweet Ellen Bayne.

CHORUS—Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide, &c.

ARMY SONGSTER.

Scenes that have vanished
Smile on thee now,
Pleasures once banished
Play round thy brow,
Forms long departed
Greet thee again,
Soothing thy dreaming heart,
Sweet Ellen Bayne.

CHORUS—Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide, &c.

WHY NO ONE TO LOVE?

No one to love in this beautiful world,
Full of warm hearts and bright beaming eyes?
Where is the lone heart that nothing can find
That is lovely beneath the blue skies.

No one to love! No one to love!

Why no one to love?

What have you done in this beautiful world,
That you are sighing of no one to love?

Dark is the soul that has nothing to dwell on!
How sad must its brightest hours prove!
Lonely the dull brooding spirit must be,
That has no one to cherish and love.

No one to love! No one to love!

Why no one to love?

What have you done in this beautiful world,
That you are sighing of no one to love?

Many a fair one that dwells on the earth,
Who would greet you with kind words of cheer.
Many who gladly would join in your pleasures.
Or share in your grief with a tear.

No one to love! No one to love!

Why no one to love?

Where have you roamed in this beautiful world.
That you are sighing of no one to love?

ARMY SONGSTER.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW ?

"The affecting incident recorded in this beautiful song, occurred after one of our great victories. The fallen hero, in the arms of his comrades, had no anxiety about himself or his condition, but fixed his last thoughts on earth on his mother."

Why am I so weak and weary ?
See, how faint my heated breath ;
All around to me seems darkness—
Tell me, comrades, is this death !
Ah ! how well I know your answer ;
To my fate I meekly bow,
If you'll only tell me truly,
Who will care for mother now ?

CHORUS.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow ;
I have for my country fallen—
Who will care for mother now ?

Who will comfort her in sorrow ?
Who will dry the falling tear ?
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead ?
Who will whisper words of cheer ?
Even now I think I see her
Kneeling, praying for me ! How
Can I leave her in her anguish
Who will care for mother now ?

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky ;
Hasten, comrades, to the battle,
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow ;
I have for my country fallen—
Who will care for mother now ?

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO NIGHT

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,

"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."

'Tis nothing: a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men,
Moaning out all alone the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind
Through the forest trees slowly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack, his face dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for his children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her.

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeves roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are swelling,
And gathers his gun close up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart's welling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Towards the shades of a forest so dreary.

Hark ! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves ?
Was it the moonlight, so wondrously flashing ?
It looked like a rifle—ha ! Mary, good-bye,
And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river,
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton Braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie d me her promise true,
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snow drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on ;
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee

COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

Childhood's days now pass before me,
Forms and scenes of long ago;
Like a dream they hover o'er me,
Calm and bright as the evening's glow;
Days that knew no shade of sor-ow,
When my young heart, pure and free,
Joyful hailed each coming morrow,
In the cot age by the sea—
Joyful hailed each coming morrow,
In the cottage, the cottage by the sea.

Fancy sees the rose-trees twining
Round the old and rustic door,
And below the white beach shining,
Where I gathered shells of yore;
Hears my mother's gentle warning,
As she took me on her knee,
And I feel again life's morning,
In the cottage by the sea—
And I feel again life's morning,
In the cottage, the cottage by the sea.

What though years have roll'd above me,
Though 'mid fairer scenes I roam,
Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee,
Childhood's dear and happy home;
And when life's long day is closing,
Oh! how pleasant would it be,
On some faithful breast reposing,
In the cottage by the sea—
On some faithful breast reposing,
In the cottage, the cottage by the sea.

THE CONSCRIPT'S DEPARTURE.

You are going far away, far away from your Jeannette,
There is no one left to love me now, and you, too,
may forget.

But my heart it will be with you wherever you may go,
 Can you look me in the face and say the same Jeannot?
 When you wear the jacket red, and the beautiful cock-
 ade,

Oh! I fear you will forget all the promises you made,
 With the gun upon your shoulder, and the bayonet by
 your side,

You'll be taking some proud lady, and be making her
 your bride,

You'll be taking some, &c.

Or when glory leads the way, you'll be madly rushing
 on,

Never thinking if they kill you that my happiness is
 gone;

If you win the day, perhaps a General you'll be,
 Tho' I'm proud to think of that, what will become of
 me?

Oh! if I were Queen of France, or still better Pope
 of Rome,

I would have no fighting men abroad and weeping
 maids at home:

All the world should be at peace, or if kings must
 show their might,

Why let those who make the quarrels be the only men
 who fight,

Yes, let those who make the quarrels, &c.

EVER OF THEE.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,

Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer;

Thou wert the star that, mildly beaming,

Shone o'er my path when all was dark and dear.

Still in my heart thy form I cherish,

Every kind thought, like a bird, flies to thee;

Ah! never, till life and memory perish,

Can I forget how dear thou art to me.

Morn, noon and night, where'er I may be,

Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee,

Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
 Wandering afar my soul joy'd to dwell;
 Ah! then I felt I lov'd thee only;
 All seem'd to fade before affection's spell.
 Years have not chill'd the love I cherish,
 True as the stars hath my heart been to thee,
 Ah! never, till life and memory perish,
 Can I forget, &c.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO!

John Anderson, my Jo, John, when nature first began
 To try her canny hand, John, her master-work was
 man;

And you among them a' John, so trig from top to toe
 She proved to be nae journey-work, John Anderson,
 my Jo!

John Anderson, my Jo, John, when we were first ac-
 quent,

Your locks were like the raven, your bonnie brow was
 brent;

But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like
 the snow,

My blessings on your frosty-pow, John Anderson, my
 Jo!

John Anderson, my Jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
 I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear and late,
 They say ye're turning auld, John, and what though it
 be so,

Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson,
 my Jo!

John Anderson, my Jo, John, we've seen our bairns
 bairns,

And yet my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your
 arms,

And sae are ye in mine, John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er say
 no,

Though the days are gane that we have seen, John
 Anderson, my Jo!

John Anderson, my Jo, John, we clamb the hill the-
gither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had w' ane
anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand
we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo !

GOOD-BYE.

Farewell ! farewell ! is a lonely sound,
And always brings a sigh,
But give to me, when loved ones part,
That sweet old word, "Good-bye."

Farewell ! farewell ! may do for the gay
When pleasure's throng is nigh,
But give to me that better word,
That comes from the heart—"Good-bye."

Adieu ! adieu ! we hear it oft,
With a tear, perhaps with a sigh,
But the heart feels most when the lips move not,
And the eyes speak the gentle "Good-bye."

Farewell ! farewell ! is never heard
When the tear's in the mother's eye ;
Adieu ! adieu ! She speaks it not,
But "My love, good-bye, good-bye."

HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

'Tis years since last we met,
And we may not meet again ;
I have struggled to forget,
But the struggle was in vain,
For her voice lives on the breeze,
And her spirit comes at will,
In the midnight, on the seas ;
Her bright smile haunts me still.
(The last four lines in each verse to be repeated.)

At the first sweet dawn of light,
 When I gaze upon the deep,
 Her form still greets my sight,
 While the stars their vigils keep;
 When I close mine aching eyes,
 Sweet dreams my senses fill,
 And from sleep when I arise,
 Her bright smile haunts me still!

I have sail'd 'neath alien skies,
 I have trod the desert path,
 I have seen the storm arise
 Like a giant in his wrath;
 Every danger I have known,
 That a reckless life can fill,
 Yet her presence is not flown,
 Her bright smile haunts me still!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home;
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
 elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 There's no place like home—
 There's no place like home.

I gazed on the moon as I traced the drear wild,
 And feel that my parent now thinks on her child;
 She looks on that moon from her own cottage door,
 Through woodbines, whose fragrance shall cheer me
 no more.

Home, home, &c.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
 Oh! give me my lonely thatch'd cottage again;
 The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
 Give me them, with a peace of mind, dearer than all.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone,
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flow'r of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem,
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I'll scatter
 Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away;
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 O! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

NELLY GRAY.

There's a low green valley on the Old Kentucky shore
 Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
 A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door,
 Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

CHORUS—Oh! my poor Nelly Gray,
 They have taken you away,
 And I'll never see my darling any more;
 I'm sitting by the river,
 And I'm weeping all the day,
 For you've gone from Old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the
stars were shining too,

Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

CHORUS—Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

One night I went to see her, but she's gone, the neigh-
bors say,

The white man bought her for his gain,
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life
away,

As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

CHORUS—Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

My canoe is under the water, and my banjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more:

My eyes shall look downward, and my songs shall be
unsung,

While I stay on the Old Kentucky shore.

CHORUS—Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way,

Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;

Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,

Farewell to the Old Kentucky shore.

CHORUS—Oh! my darling Nelly Gray,

Up in heaven there they say,

That they will never take you from me any more,

I'm a coming, coming,

As the angels clear the way,

Farewell to the Old Kentucky shore.

BONNY ELOISE.

Oh! Sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gentle glides

On its clear winding way to the sea,

And dearer than all storied streams on earth besides

Is this bright rolling river to me;

But sweeter, dearer, yes dearer far than those,
Who charms where others all fail,
Is blue-eyed bonny, bonny Eloise,
The belle of the Mohawk vale.

Oh ! sweet are the scenes of my boyhood's sunny years,
That bespangle the gay valley o'er,
And dear are the friends seen thro' memory's fond
tears,

That have lived in the blest days of yore ;
But sweeter, dearer, &c.

Oh ! sweet are the moments when dreaming I roam,
Thro' my loved haunts now mossy and grey,
And dearer than all is my childhood's hallow'd home.
That is crumbling now slowly away ;
But sweeter, dearer, &c.

I SEE HER STILL IN MY DREAMS.

While the flowers bloom in gladness, and spring-birds
rejoice,

There's a void in our household of one gentle voice,
The form of a loved one has passed from the light,
But the sound of her footfall returned with the night ;

For I see her still in my dreams,

I see her still in my dreams,

Though her smiles have departed from the meadows
and the streams,

I see her still in my dreams.

I see her still in my dreams,

Though her smiles have departed from the meadows
and the streams.

Though her voice once familiar hath gone from the day,
And her smiles from the sunlight have faded away,
Though I wake to a scene now deserted and bleak,
In my visions I find the lost form that I seek ;

For I see her still in my dreams,

I see her still in my dreams,

Though her smiles have departed from the meadows
and the streams,

I see her still in my dreams, &c.

FAIRY BELLE.

The pride of the village, and the fairest in the dell,
Is the queen of my song, and her name is Fairy Belle;
The sound of her light steps may be heard upon the
hill,
Like the fall of the snow drop or the dripping of the
rill.

CHORUS,

Fairy Belle, gentle Fairy Belle,
The star of the night and the lily of the day,
Fairy Belle, the queen of all the dell,
Long may she revel on her bright sunny way.

She sings to the meadows, and she carols to the
streams,
She laughs in the sunlight and smiles while in her
dreams;
Her hair, like the thistle down, is borne upon the air,
And her heart, like the humming bird's, is free from
every care.

CHORUS—Fairy Belle, &c.

Her soft notes of melody around me sweetly fall,
Her eye, full of love, is now beaming on my soul;
The sound of that gentle voice, the glance of that eye,
Surround me with rapture that no other heart could
sigh.

CHORUS—Fairy Belle, &c.

FADED FLOWERS.

The flowers that I saw in the wildwood
Have since drooped their beautiful leaves,
And the many dear friends of my childhood,
Have slumbered for years in their graves.
Oh! the bloom of the flowers I remember,
But the faces I never more shall see,
For the cold chilly winds of December
Stole my flowers, my companions from me.

The roses may bloom on the morrow,
 And many a friend have I won :
 Yet my heart will bow down with its sorrow,
 When I think how the loved ones are gone.
 'Tis no wonder that I'm broken-hearted,
 And stricken with sorrow should be,
 We have met, we have loved, we have parted,
 My flowers, my companions and me.

How dark looks this world, and how dreary,
 When we think of the ones that we love,
 Yet there's rest for the faint and the weary,
 When friends meet with lost ones above.
 Yet in heaven I can but remember,
 When from earth my proud soul shall be free ;
 Then no cold chilly winds of December
 Can part my companions and me.

LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER.

Let me kiss him for his mother,
 Let me kiss his dear youthful brow ;
 I will love him for his mother,
 And seek her blessing now.
 Kind friends have sooth'd his pillow,
 Have watched his every care,
 Beneath the weeping willow,
 Oh ! lay him gently there.

CHORUS.

Sleep, dearest, sleep,
 I love you as a brother ;
 Kind friends around you weep,
 I've kissed you for your mother.

Let me kiss him for his mother,
 What though left a lone stranger here,
 She loved him as none other,
 I feel her blessing near.

Though cold that form lies sleeping,
 Sweet angels watch around,
 Dear friends are near thee weeping.
 Oh! lay him gently down.
 Sleep, dearest, sleep, &c.

Let me kiss him for his mother,
 Or perchance a fond sister dear,
 If a father or a brother,
 I know their blessing's here.
 Then kiss him for his mother,
 'Twill soothe her after years;
 Farewell, dear stranger, brother,
 Our requiem, our tears.
 Sleep, dearest, sleep, &c.

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
 Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise,
 Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears and hear their cries.
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
 With hireling host, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 Where peace and liberty lie bleeding?
 To arms, to arms, ye brave,
 The avenging sword unsheathe,
 March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
 On victory or death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
 Which treacherous Kings Confederate raise,
 The dogs of war, let loose are howling,
 And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 With lawless force, with guilty stride,
 Spread desolation far and wide,
 With crime and blood his hands imbruing?
 To arms, to arms, ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile, insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air;
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
 But man is man, and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms, to arms, ye brave, &c.

Oh! Liberty! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy generous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts or bars confine thee?
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms, to arms, ye brave, &c.

OFF IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Off in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears of childhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken.
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

When I remember all
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather;
 I feel like one who treads alone,
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
 And all but he departed.
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

THE ORIGINAL DIXIE

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
 Old times dar am not forgotten.
 Look away—look away—look away—Dixie Land.
 In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
 Early on one frosty mornin',
 Look away—look away—look away—Dixie Land.
 Den I wish I was in Dixie,
 Hooray! Hooray!
 In Dixie land I'll took my stand,
 To lib an' die in Dixie.
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Old missus marry "Will de-weaber,"
 William was a gay deceaber.
 Look away, &c.
 But when he put his arm around 'er,
 He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder.
 Look away, &c.
 Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
 But dat did not seem to great 'er,
 Look away, &c.
 Old missus acted de foolish part,
 And died for the man that broke her heart.
 Look away, &c.
 Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
 And all the gals that want to kiss us.
 Look away, &c.
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow.
 Look away, &c.
 Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

Dars buckwheat cakes and ingen batter,
 Makes you fat, or a little fatter.
 Look away, &c.
 Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble.
 Look away, &c.
 Den I wish I was in Dixie, &c.

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

Dearest one, do you remember
 When we last did meet?
 When you told me how you loved me,
 Kneeling at my feet?
 Oh! how proud you stood before me,
 In your suit of grey,
 When you vowed from me and country
 Ne'er to go astray.

CHORUS—Weeping, sad and lonely,
 Sighs and tears how vain;
 When this cruel war is over,
 Praying then to meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing
 Mournfully along,
 Or when autumn leaves are falling,
 Sadly breathes the song.
 Oft in dreams I see you lying
 On the battle plain,
 Lonely, wounded, even dying,
 Calling, but in vain.

CHORUS.

If amid the din of battle,
 Nobly you should fall,
 Far away from those who love you,
 None to hear your call,

Who would whisper words of comfort?
 Who would soothe your pain?
 Ah! the many cruel fancies
 Ever in my brain!

CHORUS.

But our country called you, loved one,
 Angels guide your way;
 While our "Southern Boys" are fighting,
 We can also pray.
 When you strike for God and freedom,
 Let all nations see
 How you love our Southern banner—
 Emblem of the free!

CHORUS.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

The following stanzas were found on the person of
 a rebel sergeant of the "Stonewall Brigade," cap-
 tured near Winchester, Va.: *

Come, stack arms, men! pile on the rails—
 Stir up the camp fire bright,
 No matter if the canteen fails,
 We'll make a roaring light!
 Here Shenandoah brawls along,
 The burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
 To swell the brigade's rousing song
 Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
 Cock'd o'er his eyes askew—
 The shrewd dry smile—the speech so pat.
 So calm, so blunt, so true.
 The "Blue Light Elder" knows 'em well,
 * Says he, "that's Banks—he's fond of shell,
 Lord save his soul!—we'll give him"—well.
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence ! ground arms ! kneel all ! caps off !

Old Blue Light's going to pray ;

Strangle the fool that dares to scoff !

Attention ! it's his way !

Appealing from his native sod

In *forma pauperis* to God—

“Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod,

Amen !” That's “Stonewall's way !”

He's in the saddle now ! Fall in !

Steady ! the whole brigade !

Hill's at the ford, cut off ; we'll win

His way out, ball and blade.

What matter if our shoes are worn ?

What matter if our feet are torn ?

“Quick step ! we're with him before morn !”

That's “Stonewall Jackson's way.”

The sun's bright lances rout the mists

Of morning—and, by George !

Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,

Hemmed in an ugly gorge.

Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,

“Bay'nets and grape !” hear Stonewall roar ;

“Charge, Stuart ! pay off Ashby's score,”

Is “Stonewall Jackson's way.”

Ah ! maiden, wait, and watch, and yearn,

For news of Stonewall's band ;

Ah ! widow, read with eyes that burn,

That ring upon thy hand ;

Ah ! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,

Thy life shall not be all forlorn !

The foe had better ne'er been born,

That gets in “Stonewall's way.”

PARTHENIA TO INGOMAR.

Deal with me kindly, cheer my young heart—

I'll follow thee blindly, wherever thou art.

Deep in the mountain, far from my home,

I'll follow thy path wherever thou'lt roam.
Thy ways shall still be mine,
My heart shall still be thine.

Deal with me kindly, cheer my young heart,
I'll follow thee blindly, and never depart.

Break not my spirit, think of my youth—
Cherish my tender heart, doubt not my truth.
Friends may desert thee, sorrows may come,
But still in my soul thine image will bloom.
Thy hopes with thee I'll share,
Thy wants shall be my care.

Deal with me kindly, &c.

Though through the desert, wand'ring afar,
Still to me, dearest one, thou'lt be my star;
Sunlight or moonlight o'er us may shine,
Yet living on love, I'll ever be thine.
Thy hand shall be my guard—
Thy voice shall be my word.

Deal with me kindly, &c.

THE ROCK BY THE SEA.

Oh! tell me not the woods are fair,
Now Spring is on her way;
Well, well I know how brightly there
In joy the young leaves play;
How sweet on winds of morn or eve,
The violet's breath may be,
Yet ask me, woo me not to leave
My lone rock by the sea.
Yet ask me, woo me not to leave
My lone rock by the sea.

The wild waves thunder on the shore,
The curlew's restless cries,
Unto my watching heart are more
Than all earth's melodies.

Come back, ocean rover, come!
There's but one place for me,
Till I can greet thy swift sail home,
My lone rock by the sea!
Till I can greet thy swift sail home,
My lone rock by the sea!

PAUL VANE; OR, LORENA'S REPLY.

The year's are creeping slowly by, dear Paul,
The winters come and go;
The winds weep past with mournful cry, dear Paul,
And pelt my face with snow;
But there's no snow upon the heart, dear Paul,
'Tis summer always there;
Those early loves throw sunshine over all,
And sweeten memories dear.

I thought it easy to forget, dear Paul,
Life glowed with youthful hope;
The glorious future gleamed yet, dear Paul,
And bade us clamber up;
They frowning said, "It must not be;
Break now, the hopeless bands!"
And Paul, you know how well that bitter day
I bent to their commands.

I kept you ever in my heart, dear Paul,
Thro' years of good and ill;
Our souls could not be torn apart, dear Paul,
They're bound together still.
I never knew how dear you were to me,
Till I was left alone;
I thought my poor, poor heart would break, the day
They told me you were gone.

Perhaps we'll never, never meet, dear Paul,
Upon this earth again;
But there, where happy angels greet, dear Paul,
You'll meet Lorena there.

Together up the ever shining way,
We'll press with hoping heart,
Together through the bright eternal day,
And never more to part.

RORY O'MOORE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Young Rory O'Moore courted Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn,
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now Rory be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye—
"With your tricks I don't know in truth what I'm
about,
Faith! you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside
out."
"Oh! Jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart this many a day,
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'Moore.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the
like,
For I half gave a promise to swoothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
Says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go,
Sure I'm draming each night that I'm hating you so!"
Says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For drames always go by contraries my dear.
Oh! darling, keep draming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black
lie.
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'Moore.

"Arrah! Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me
enough,
And I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and
Jem Duff;
And I've made myself drinking your health quite a
baste,
So I think after that I may talk to the priest."
Then Rory the rogue, stole his arm round her neck.
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with
light,
And he kissed her sweet lips. Don't you think he
was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," said he, "to be sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'Moore.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night.
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smoother the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch-keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of years,
I am so weary of toils and of tears:
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them, and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you.
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between.
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from your silence, so long and so deep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone,
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,
Rock me sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighten'd with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old,
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Happily will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright bitlows sweep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song;
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been but a dream;
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

When other lips and other hearts
Their tale of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well,

There may, perhaps, in such a scene
 Some recollection be
 Of days that have as happy been,
 And you'll remember me,
 And you'll remember, you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
 The beauty, now thy prize,
 And deem it but a faded light,
 Which beams within your eyes ;
 When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
 'Twill break your own to see,
 In such a moment I but ask
 That you'll remember me ;
 That you'll remember, you'll remember me.

EULALIE.

CHORUS—Blue birds linger here awhile
 O'er this sacred, grassy pile ;
 Sing your sweetest songs to me—
 'Tis the grave of Eulalie.

Roses white around her tomb
 Gently wave and sweetly bloom ;
 Let your silent language be,
 We will bloom for Eulalie.

Blue birds linger, &c.

Streamlets chaunting at her feet,
 Mournful music, sad and sweet —
 Wake her not, she dreams of me,
 'Neath the yew-tree, Eulalie.

Blue birds linger, &c.

Eulalie, but yester night,
 Came a spirit veiled in white ;
 I knew it could be none but thee,
 Bride of death, lost Eulalie !

Blue birds linger, &c.

- Angels guard her with your wings,
Shield her from unholy things;
Bid her dream love-dreams of me—
• Till I come, sleep Eulalie.
Blue birds linger, &c.
-

• THE FARMER BOY.

The sun had set behind yon hill,
Across yon dreary moor,
Weary and lame a boy there came
Up to a farmer's door—
Kind sir, said he, can you tell me
Where I can find employ—
To plow, to sow, to reap, or mow,
And be a farmer boy.

My father's dead, my mother's left
With her five children small,
And what is worse for my mother yet,
I'm the largest of them all;
Though little I be, I am willing to work
If I can find employ,
To plow, to sow, to reap, or mow,
And be a farmer boy.

Kind sir, said he, if no boy you want,
One favor I will ask,
Pray shelter me till the break of day
From this cold winter's blast;
At the break of day I'll trudge away,
And try to find employ,
To plow, to sow, to reap, or mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

The farmer's wife said try the lad,
No longer let him seek;
Oh! do, dear father, the daughter cried,
And the tears ran down her cheek,

For 'tis hard for those who are willing to work,
If they can't find employ,
To plow, to sow, to reap, or mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

The farmer's boy grew to a man,
The good old farmer died,
And he left the lad the farm that he had,
And his daughter to be his bride.
Now the man that once was the farmer's boy
Would often smile with joy,
And bless the day that he went that way
To be a farmer's boy.

THE SOLDIER.

'Tis not on the battle field
That I would wish to die,
'Tis not on a broken shield
I'd breathe my latest sigh.
Although a soldier knows not how
To dread a soldier's doom,
I'd ask no laurels for my brow,
No trophies for my tomb.

'Tis not that I scorn the wreath
The soldier proudly wears;
'Tis not that I fear the death
The soldier bravely dares.
When slaughtered comrades round me lie
I'd be the last to yield;
But yet I would not wish to die
Upon the battle field.

When faint and bleeding in the fray,
Oh! still may I retain
Enough of life to crawl away
To this sweet vale again;
And like the wounded, weary dove,
That flutters to her nest,
Oh! may I reach my own true love,
And die upon her breast.

WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

O Willie ! is it you, dear,
Safe, safe at home ?
They did not tell me true, dear,
They said you would not come.
I heard you at the gate,
And it made my heart rejoice,
For I knew that welcome footstep,
And that dear, familiar voice,
Making music on my ear,
In the lonely midnight gloom ;
O Willie, we have missed you—
Welcome, welcome home !

We've longed to see you nightly,
But this night of all,
The fire was blazing brightly,
And lights were in the hall ;
The little ones were up,
Till 'twas ten o'clock and past,
Then their eyes began to twinkle,
And they've gone to sleep at last ;
But they listened for your voice
Till they thought you'd never come ;
O Willie, we have missed you—
Welcome, welcome home !

The days were sad without you,
The nights long and drear ;
My dreams have been about you—
O welcome, Willie, dear !
Last night I wept and watched
By the moonlight's cheerless ray,
Till I thought I heard your footstep,
Then I wiped my tears away ;
But my heart grew sad again,
When I found you had not come ;
O Willie, we have missed you—
Welcome, welcome home !

THE WILD ASH DEER.

Away, and away, we'll bound o'er the mountains,
Over the mountains, over the mountains,
Over the valleys, the hills and the fountains,

Away to the chase, away! away!
We heed neither tempest, cold wind or danger,
But joyously shouting away goes the ranger,
Joyously shouting away goes the ranger,
Away to the chase, away! away!

Away, and away, our wild steeds are bounding,
Wild steeds are bounding, wild steeds are bounding,
O'er hill and through valley shouts are resounding,

Away to the chase, away! away!
List to the hound's bell sweetly ringing,
Over the hills the wild deer is springing,
Over the hills the wild deer is springing,
Away to the chase, away! away!

See there the wild deer trembling, panting,
Trembling, panting, trembling, panting,
Fearfully pausing, one moment standing,

Then off he speeds away! away!
He's gone! boys, he's gone! pursue him! pursue him!
Hurrah! boys, hurrah! I see him, I see him!
Hurrah! boys, hurrah! I see him, I see him!
Away to the death of the wild ash deer!

THE WILD OLD WOODS.

The wild old woods, I love them well,
For in boyhood's idle hours,
My heart in the groves, with a magic spell,
Was bound in a wreath of thoughts that tell
The language sweet of flowers.
Where the pearly streams run sparkling on
With a pleasant melody,
And bathe with spray the mossy rocks,
Aye! the wild old woods for me.

The wild old woods, where the shadows cling
To the greensward fresh with dew,
Where the woodland bird of dusky wing
Builds her nest on oaks that upward fling
Their arms to the sky so blue—
Where the pearly streams run sparkling on
With a pleasant melody,
And bathe with spray the mossy rocks,
Aye! the wild old woods for me.

THE WINGS OF A DOVE.

Oh! had I wings like a dove, I would fly
Away from this world of care;
My soul would mount to the realms on high,
And seek for a refuge there;
But is there no haven here on earth,
No hope for the wounded breast?
No favored spot where content has birth,
In which I may find a rest?

Oh! is it not written, "believe and live,"
The heart by bright hope allur'd,
Shall find the comfort these words can give,
And be by its faith assur'd?
Then why should we fear the world's cold frown,
When truth to the heart has giv'n
The light of religion to guide us on
In joy to the paths of heav'n?

There is! there is in thy holy word,
Thy word which can ne'er depart;
There is a promise of mercy stor'd,
For the lowly and meek of heart.
My yoke is easy, my burden light,
Then come unto me for rest;
These, these are the words of promise stor'd
For the wounded and wearied breast.

OH! WHERE IS THE ROSE BUD?

Oh! where is the rose bud that open'd at morn,
That bloom'd in its fragrance and beauty alone?
So soon it is withered—'tis scattered and torn;
Alas for the rose bud, 'tis faded and gone.
The bush where it grew is now standing alone,
And all the fair rose leaves lie scatter'd around;
'Twill soon be forgotten, its beauties unknown,
Like thousands now slumbering under the ground.

So soon, when our beauty has faded away,
Like the rose that has wither'd, we'll sink to decay;
We'll soon be forgotten by kindred and friend;
E'en true hearts prove faithless when life's at an end.
That friendship so sweet which unites us to-day,
Is made to be broken, is born to decay;
And when life shall end, and the spirit hath flown,
Oh! who will remember the soul that is gone?

THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL.

I watched last night the rising moon,
Upon a foreign strand,
'Till memories came like flowers of June,
Of home and father-land.
I dreamt I was a child again,
Beside the rippling rill,
When first I saw, in days of yore,
The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back a mother's love,
Until in accents wild,
I prayed her from her home above,
To guard her lonely child.
It brought me one across the wave,
To live in memories still—
It brought me back my Mary's grave—
The moon behind the hill.

DEAREST SPOT OF EARTH.

The dearest spot of earth to me
Is home, sweet home!
The fairy land I long to see,
Is home, sweet home!
There how charm'd the sense of hearing!
There where love is so endearing!
All the world is not so cheering
As home, sweet home!
The dearest spot of earth to me,
Is home, sweet home!
The fairy land I long to see,
Is home, sweet home!

I've taught my heart the way to prize
My home, sweet home!
I've learned to look with lover's eyes
On home, sweet home!
There, where vows are truly plighted!
There, where hearts are so united!
All the world besides I've slighted
For home, sweet home!
The dearest spot of earth to me
Is home, sweet home;
The fairy land I long to see,
Is home, sweet home!

THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'll sing you a good old song, made by a good old
pate
Of a fine old English gentleman, who had an old
estate,
And who kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old
rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at his
gate!
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden
time.

His hall so old was hung around with pikes, and
guns and bows,
And swords and good old bucklers, which had stood
against old foes,
And 'twas there "worship" sat in state, in doublet
and trunk hose,
And quaff'd his cup of good old sack to warm his good
old nose.

Like a fine old, &c.

When winter old, brought frost and gold, he open'd
house to all,
And though threescore and ten his years, he featly led
the ball;
Nor was the houseless wanderer ever driven from his
hall,
For while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the
small.

Like a fine old, &c.

But time, though sweet, is strong in fight, and years
roll'd swiftly by,
And autumn's falling leaf proclaimed the old man he
must die;
He laid him down quite tranquilly, gave up life's
latest sigh,
And mournful friends stood round his couch, and tears
bedimm'd each eye.

For the fine old, &c.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.
Like an eagle caged I pine,
On this dull, unchanging shore;
O! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar.

Once more on the deck I stand
 Of my own swift gliding craft;
 Set sail—farewell to the land,
 The gale follows far abaft;
 We shoot through the sparkling foam,
 Like an ocean bird set free,
 Like the ocean bird our home,
 We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
 The clouds have begun to frown,
 But with a stout vessel and crew,
 We'll say let the storms come down!
 And the song of our hearts shall be,
 While the winds and the waters rave,
 A life on the heaving sea,
 A home on the bounding wave. •

COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA.

Come o'er the moonlit sea,
 The waves are brightly glowing;
 The winds have sunk to their ev'ning rest,
 And the tide is gently flowing,
 My bark is in the bay,
 And it only waits for me,
 When its silken sails will throw
 Their shadows o'er the sea.
 Oh! come o'er the moonlit sea, &c.

All is still save the echoed song
 Of Italia's dark-eyed daughters,
 Or the distant sound of the boatman's oar,
 As it dips in the sparkling waters.
 Though bright the morn may beam
 Along the smiling sea,
 Oh, dearer still, than morn,
 Are moonlit waves to me.
 Oh! come o'er the moonlit sea, &c.

THE PIRATE'S GLEE.

Blow on! blow on! we love the howling
Of winds that waft us o'er the sea,
As fearless as the wolf, that's prowling
Upon our native hills, are we.
The doom'd in terror, fly before us—
We've nailed the black flag to the mast;
It there shall float triumphant o'er us—
We will defend it to the last.
Blow on, &c.

Roll on! roll on! we love the motion
Of the waves that bear us on our way;
No swifter bark e'er sailed the ocean—
No skiff more lightly skims the bay.
The lightning from the sky is flashing—
The thunder's distant roar we hear;
But while o'er seas we thus are dashing,
We waves, nor winds, nor lightnings fear.
Roll on! &c.

Flash on! flash on! we love the gleaming,
That through the darkness shows our way;
The black flag is proudly streaming,
As proudly as it floats by day.
The wave's roar, with the thunder mingling,
Is music that we love to hear;
The lightning's flash, at midnight shining,
Shows us a scene forever dear.
Flash on, &c.

THE OLD SEXTON.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a Sexton old, on his earthworn spade,
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train at the open gate.

A relie of bygoné days was he,
 And his locks were grey as the foaming sea;
 And these words came from his lips so tain—
 "I gather them in—I gather them in."

"I gather them in—for man and boy,
 Year after year of grief and joy,
 I've built the houses that lie around,
 In every nook of this burial ground;
 Mother and daughter, father and son,
 Come to my solitude, one by one;
 But come they strangers 'or come they kin,
 I gather them in—I gather them in!"

"Many are with me, yet I'm alone;
 I'm the King of the Dead, and I make my throne
 On a mountain slab of marble cold;
 My sceptre of rule is the spade I hold;
 Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
 Mankind are my subjects—all—all!
 Let them loiter in pleasure, or toilsomly spin,
 I gather them in—I gather them in!"

"I gather them in—and their final rest
 Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast."
 And the Sexton ceased as the funeral train
 Wound mutely over the solemn plain.
 And I said to myself—when time is told,
 A mightier voice than that Sexton's old
 Will be heard o'er the last trump's dreadful din—
 "I gather them in—I gather them in!"

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

The prisoned thrush may brook the cage,
 The captive eagle dies from rage.

—*Lady of the Lake.*

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound!
 And the knight looked down from the Paynim's tower;
 And a Christian host, in its pride and power,
 Through the pass beneath him wound.
 Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
 Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

"I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!
 And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
 And their pennon's wave by the mountain stream,
 And their plumes to the glad wind float!
 Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
 Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!"

"I am here, with my heavy chain!
 And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
 And an eagle rushing to the sky,
 And a host to its battle plain!
 Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
 Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!"

"Must I pine in my fetters here?
 With the wild wave's foam and the free bird's flight,
 And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
 And the trumpet in my ear!
 Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
 Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!"

"They are gone! they have all passed by!
 They in whose wars I had borne my part,
 They that I loved with a brother's heart,
 They have left me here to die!
 Sound again, clarion! Clarion, pour thy blast!
 Sound! for the captive's dream of hope is past."

PIRATE'S CHORUS.

Ever be happy and bright, as thou art,
 Pride of the pirate's heart!
 Ever be happy and bright, as thou art,
 Pride of the pirate's heart!
 Long be thy reign o'er land and main,
 By the glare, by the chart,
 Queen of the pirate's heart!
 Queen, ever be happy and bright, as thou art,
 Pride of the pirate's heart, &c.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

If a body meet a body comin' through the rye,
If a body kiss a body, need a body cry ?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane, they say, ha'e I !
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
 Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel' ;
 But whare's his hame, or what's his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

If a body meet a body comin' frae the town,
If a body greet a body, need a body frown ?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane, they say, ha'e I !
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
 Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel' ;
 But whare's his hame, or what's his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

YES ! I SHOULD LIKE TO MARRY.

Yes ! I should like to marry,
 If that I could find,
Any pretty lady,
 Suited to my mind !
Oh ! I should like her witty,
 Oh ! I should like her good,
With a little money,
 Yes indeed I should.
Oh ! I should like to marry,
 If that I could find,
Any pretty lady,
 Suited to my mind.

Oh! I should like her hair
To cluster like the vine;
I should like her eyes
To look like sparkling wine;
And let her brows resemble
Sweet Diana's crescent;
Let her voice to me
Be always soft and pleasant.
Yes! I should, &c.

Oh! let her feet be nearly
Like to the Chinese,
Who, little feet to make,
In wooden shoes do squeeze;
Oh! let her form be upright,
Both elegant and free,
With a gentle temper—
Then we shall agree.
Oh! I should, &c.

And now, my fair young ladies,
Oh! do not be unkind—
For you shall have a husband
Just suited to your mind;
And if with this you're pleased,
And wish for any more,
You'll find the best and latest
At "Lee's" cheap Music Store.
Yes, I should, &c.

REMEMBER, LOVE, REMEMBER.

'Twas ten o'clock, one moonlight night,
I ever shall remember,
And every star shone sparkling bright
In gloomy cold December,
When at my window, tap, tap, tap,
I heard his gentle well known rap,
And with it, too, these words most clear,
"Remember ten o'clock, my dear,
Remember, love, remember."

Now mam sat dozing by the fire,
And dad his pipe was smoking,
I dare not for the world retire,
And was not that provoking?
At last the old folks fell asleep,
I hasten'd my promised vow to keep;
But he his absence to denote,
Had on the window shutter wrote,
"Remember, love, remember."

But did I need the hint so sweet?
No, no, for mark the warning,
Which meant that we at church should meet
At ten o'clock next morning.
And there we met, no more to part,
There joined together hand and heart;
And since that day in wedlock joined,
The window shutter brings to mind,
Remember, love, remember.

GOD SAVE THE SOUTH.

God save the South,
God save the South,
Her altars and firesides,
God save the South!
Now that the war is nigh,
Now that we arm to die,
Chaunting our battle cry,
Freedom or death!

God be our shield,
At home or afield,
Stretch Thine arm over us,
Strengthen and save.
What, tho' they're three to one,
Forward each sire and son,
Strike till the war is won,
Strike to the grave!

God made the right,
Stronger than *might*,
Millions would trample us
Down in their pride.
Lay *Thou* their legions low,
Roll back the ruthless foe,
Let the proud spoiler know
God's on our side.

Hark, honor's call,
Summoning all,
Summoning all of us
Unto the strife.
Sons of the South awake!
Strike till the brand shall break,
Strike for dear honor's sake,
Freedom and Life!

Rebels before,
Our fathers of yore,
Rebel's the righteous name
Washington bore.
Why, then, be ours the same,
The name that he snatch'd from shame,
Making it first in fame,
Foremost in war!

War to the hilt,
Their's be the guilt,
Who fetter the free man
To ransom the slave.
Up then, and undismayed,
Sheathe not the battle blade
Till the last foe is laid
Low in the grave!

God save the South,
God save the South,
Dry the dim eyes that now
Follow our path.

Still let the light feet rove
Safe through the orange grove ;
Still keep the land we love
Safe from *Thy* wrath.

God save the South,
God save the South,
Her altars and firesides,
God save the South !
For the great war is nigh,
And we will win or die,
Chaunting our battle cry,
Freedom or death !

THE GOOD BYE AT THE DOOR.

Of all the mem'ries of the past,
That come like summer dreams,
Whose rainbow hues still 'round us cast,
Their bright, their bright but fleeting beams ;
The dearest, sweetest that can be,
Of days long gone before,
Are those that oft recall to me,
The "Good-Bye"—the "Good-Bye" at the door.
Are those that oft recall to me,
The "Good-Bye"—the "Good-Bye" at the door.

But time and place have quite estranged
Each early friend we knew ;
How few remain, how many changed,
Of those we deemed so true.
Those happy hours again to me
But memory can restore.
The ling'ring thought will ever be,
The "Good-Bye"—the "Good-Bye" at the door.
And life's last moments seem to be,
The "Good-Bye"—the "Good-Bye" at the door.

TAKE ME HOME.

Take me home to the place where I first saw the light,
To the sweet sunny South, take me home,
Where the mocking bird sung me to rest every night—
Ah! why was I tempted to roam:
I think with regret of the dear home I left,
Of the warm hearts that sheltered me then,
Of the wife, and the dear ones of whom I'm bereft,
And I sigh for the old place again.

CHORUS.

Take me home to the place where my little ones sleep,
Poor massa lies buried close by,
O'er the graves of the loved ones I long to weep,
And among them to rest when I die.

Take me home to the place where the orange trees grow,
To my cot in the evergreen shade,
Where the flowers on the river's green margin may
blow
Their sweets on the bank where we played.
The path to our cottage they say has grown green,
And the place is quite lonely around,
And I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen,
Now lie deep in the dark mossy ground.

CHORUS—Take me home, etc.

Take me home, let me see what is left that I knew—
Can it be that the old house is gone!
The dear friends of my childhood indeed must be few,
And I must lament all alone.
But yet I'll return to the place of my birth,
Where my children have played at the door,
Where they pulled the white blossoms that garnish the
earth
Which will echo their footsteps no more.

CHORUS—Take me home, etc.

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG BOYS!

A BATTLE SONG.

We are marching to the field, boys, we're going to the
fight,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
And we bear the heavenly cross for our cause in the
right,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

CHORUS.

Our rights for ever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the tyrants, raise the Southern Cross,
And we'll rally round that flag, boys, we'll rally once
again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We'll meet the Yankee hosts, boys, with fearless hearts
and true,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
And we'll show the dastard minions what Southern
pluck can do,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

CHORUS—Our rights for ever, etc.

We'll fight them to the last, boys, if we fall in the
strife,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
Our comrades, noble boys, will avenge us life to life,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

CHORUS—Our rights for ever, etc.

To be free from Puritan yoke we are going to the fight.
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
And the victory shall be ours, for we are rising in our
might,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

CHORUS—Our rights for ever, etc.

Lo, we're springing to the call from the East and from
the West,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

And we'll hurl the Yankee crew from the land we love
the best,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

CHORUS—Our rights for ever, etc.

"NID NODDIN'."

An' they're a' noddin' nid nid noddin'
An' they're a' noddin' at our house at hame,
An' they're a' noddin' nid nid noddin'
An' they're a' noddin' at our house at hame.

The Cats dream of Milk,
And the Dogs dream of Brew,
The Lads dream of Lasses,
And of Lads the Lasses too,
My sweet Lassie tho' you sleep,
Let a kiss your Laddie take,
But ye munna kiss too loud,
For fear the old one wake.

An' they're a' noddin', &c.

But the drum beats to arms
And the merry pipes play,
Now each Lad from his Lassie must for Scotland march
away.

For tho' we dream of Love,
Yet we hear bright honor's call,
And Honor waits on those,
In their Country's cause who fall.
Yet we're a' noddin', &c.

Why Gammer are you noddin'
Here's a muckle rout and noise!
See the Lads they kiss the Lasses,
And the Lasses kiss the Boys.

Why the Cats have drank the milk,
And the Dogs eat all the brew,
Now the De'el go wi' ye Gaffer, for ye've been a' noo-
din' too.
An' they're a' noddin, &c.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne,
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne !
For auld lang syne my frends,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

An' here's a hand, my trusty fier
An gie's a had o' thine ;
An' We'll toom the stowp to friendship's growth
An' days o' lang syne !
For auld lang syne, my friends,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne !

An' surely ye'll be your pint stowp,
An' surely I'll be mine,
An' we'll tak' a right gude willy wack !
For auld lang syne,
For auld lang syne, my friends,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne !

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